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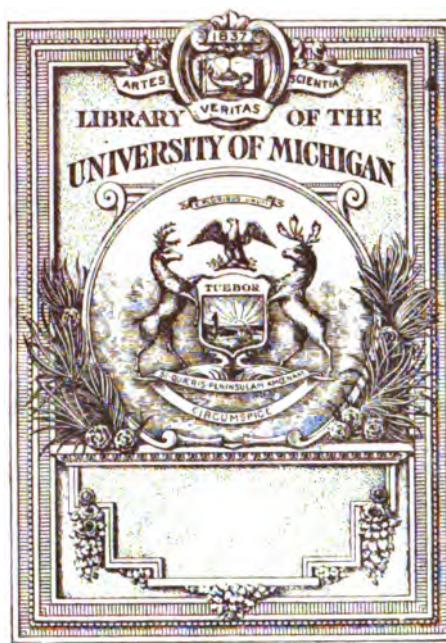
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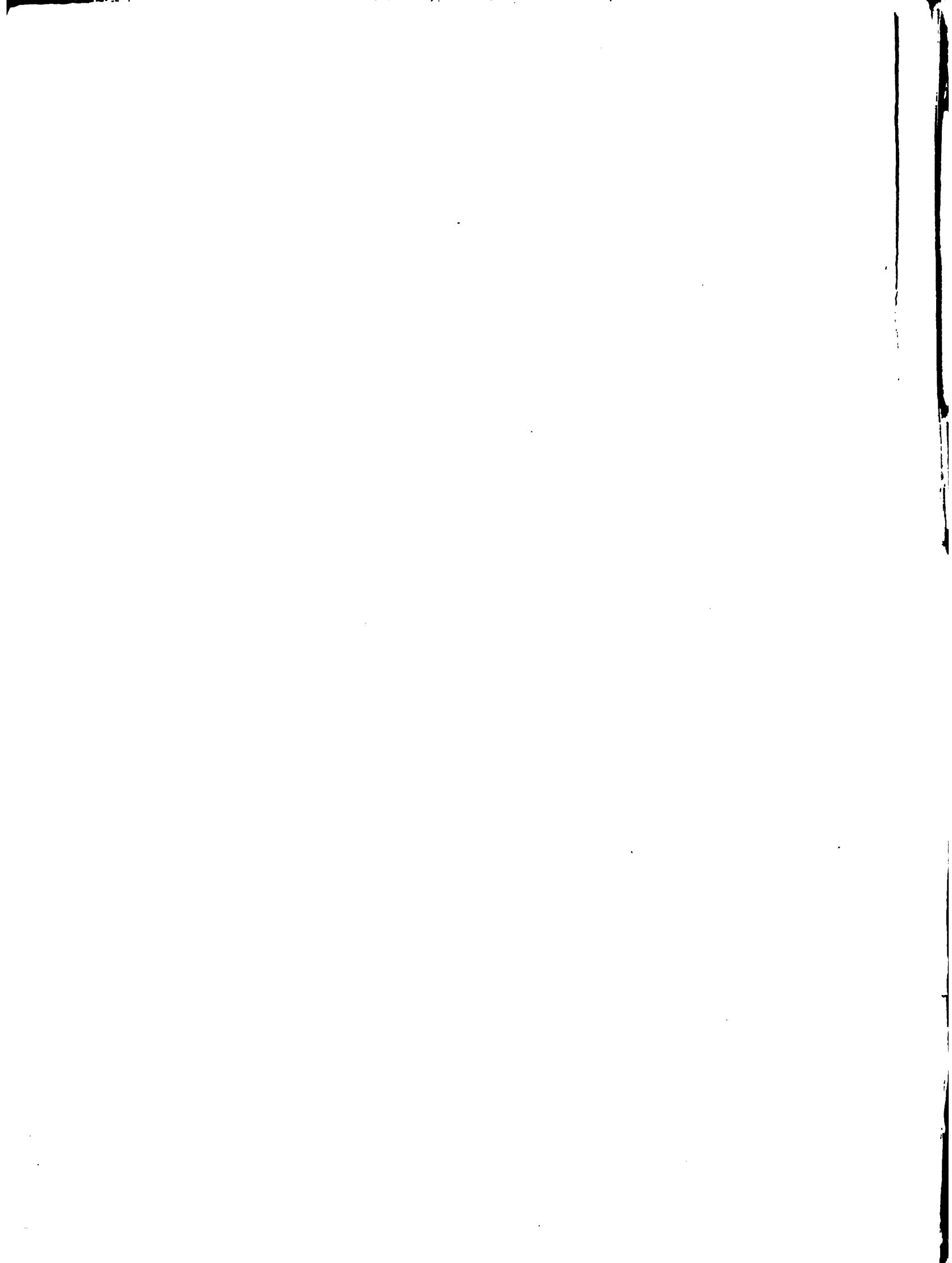
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NEVILLE CAIN

PUBLISHED BY  
**R.H. RUSSELL**  
NEW YORK  
1903

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King Oberon  
Appointed me  
Guardian of  
The Butterfly-tree;  
No hurt shall come  
To it while I  
On harmful things  
Do play the spy!





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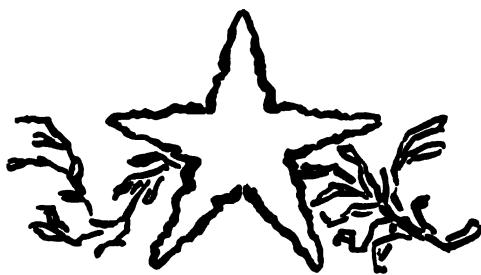
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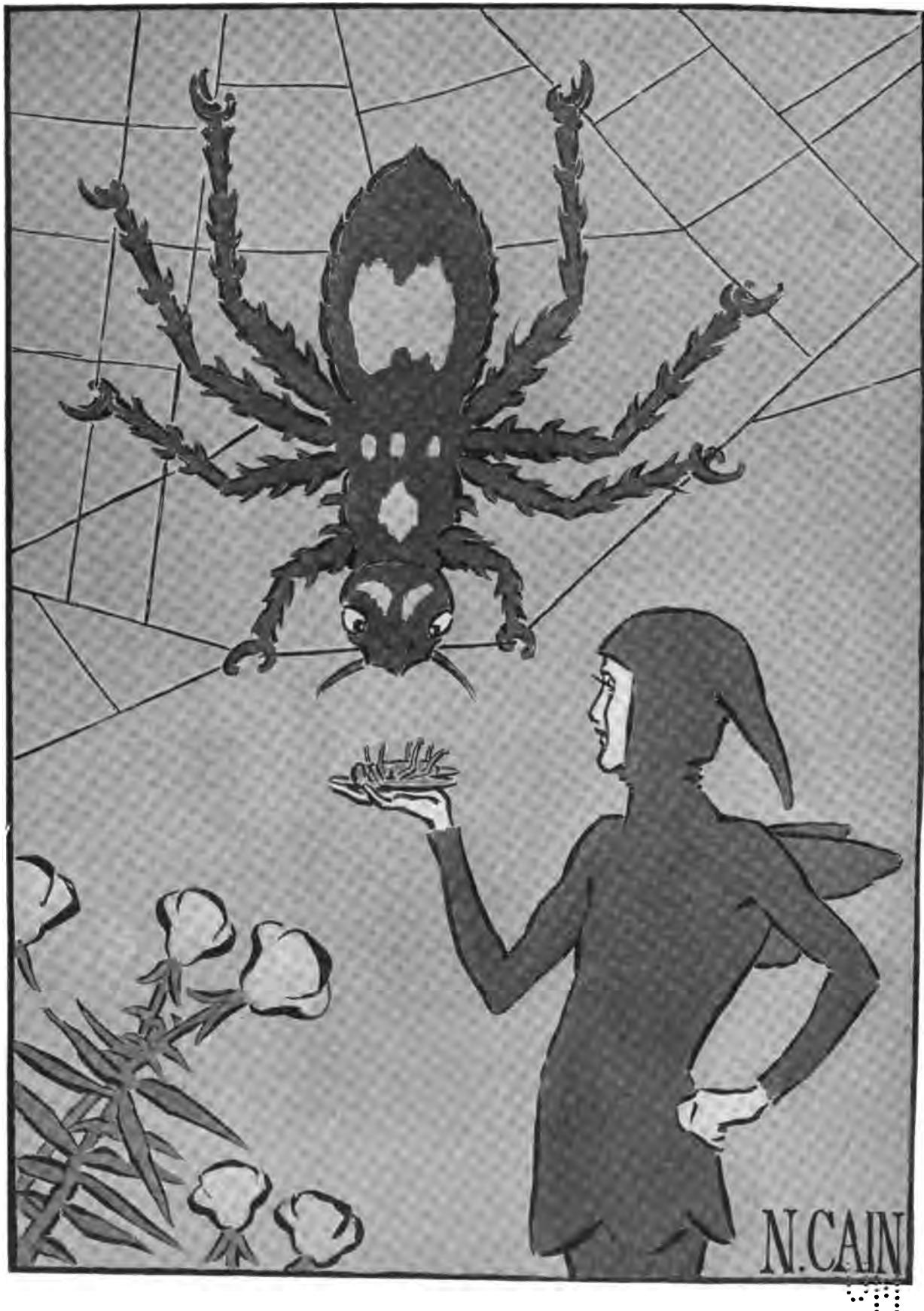
A camel in the  
Clouds I chased,  
And ere his form  
Could be effaced,  
O'er him waved my  
Charméd wand,  
And brought him down  
To Fairyland.





Inside his web  
With magic spell,  
I keep the tiger  
Of the Fairy dell.  
He's far too fierce  
To be at large, I ween,  
And so I feed him, thus,  
The bars between.





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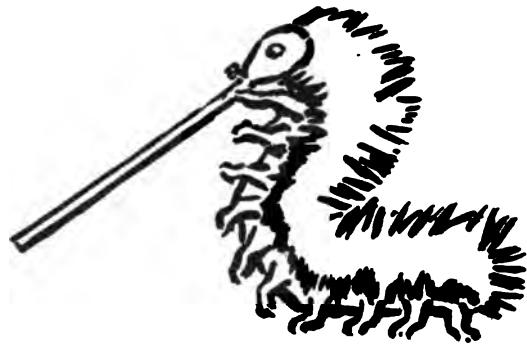


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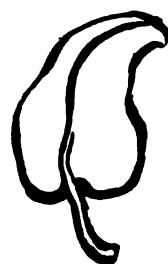


This bird you cannot  
Feed with bread;—  
There's nothing of him  
But his head.  
He lives on nothing  
But fresh air,  
Supplied with fans—  
Tis my sole care.





The Fairy Aggregation  
Boasts the slowest Snail  
Extant;  
He'd be beaten  
Should he run a race  
With any growing  
plant!



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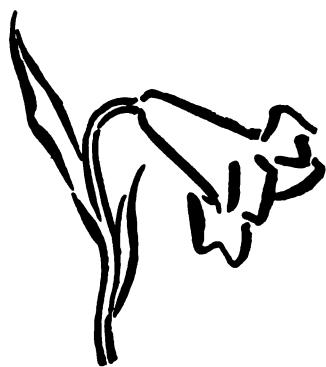


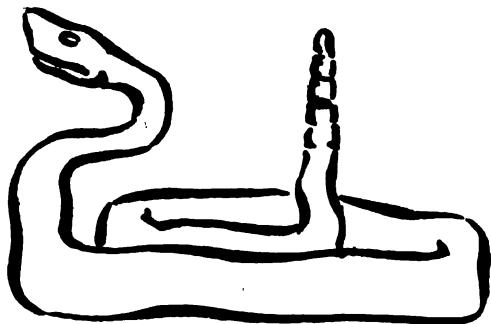


NEVILLE  
CAIN



This fuzzy creature  
Of silken sheen,  
Sweeps the flowers,  
And keeps them  
clean.





A shadow this,  
Of wondrous kind,  
Which we with potent  
Spells have caught;  
The bird itself  
We ne'er could find,  
Though East & West  
We've vainly sought.



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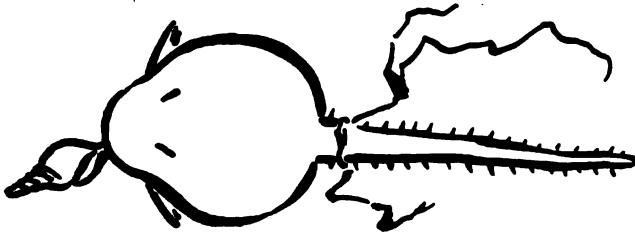
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Child of the Nightingale  
And Rose,  
Whose song & incense,  
Mingled rise,  
To lull ye fairies to repose,  
Beneath Astarte's  
Silver skies.

O



The Orchid Twins,  
In eldritch dance,  
Would doubtless make  
You look askance.  
In the twilight's  
Dusky glow,  
Bobbing eerily  
They go!

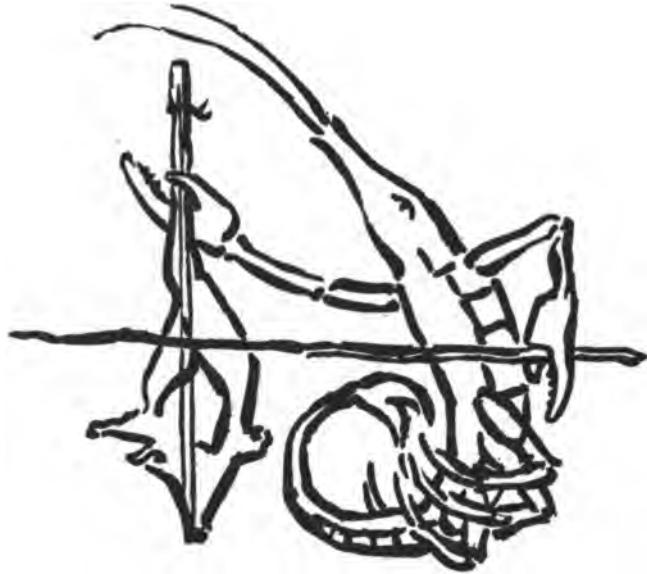


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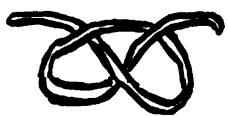


I am Fairy Tingaling!  
I taught this shrieking  
Mandrake Thing,  
Softest melody  
To sing.





Sphynx-fly!  
Mystic insect rare,  
To whom the Fays  
Give loving care;  
Link between  
Earth-life & them,  
Of all their treasures,  
Tis the gem!

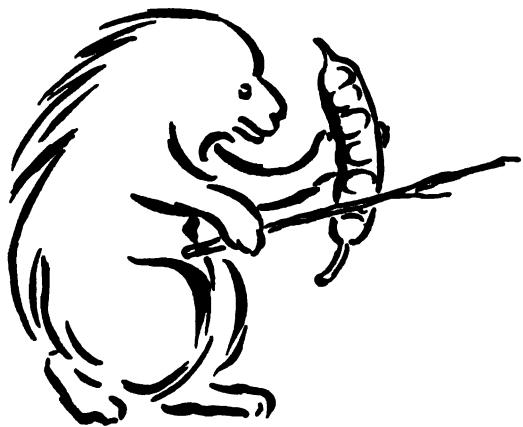




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These grateful little  
Nodding things,  
Whom I sprinkle  
Morn & eve,  
Grew from bits of  
Fairie's wings  
From the earth—  
Would you believe!





An infant  
Serpent of the Sea,  
A captive who  
Would not be free,-  
But that he may  
No larger grow  
I've placed a spell  
Upon him, lo!



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Look, within this cage  
You'll find,  
A creature of  
A unique kind,—  
A tortoise with a  
Shell of gold,  
Your wondering eyes  
May here behold.

